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NIPPY

3.50

no. 1

- ★ GLENDA'S GARTER
- ★ LIGHT MY FIRE
- ★ MEET GINA
- ★ BARBARA



SALE TO MINORS IS PROHIBITED. THIS PUBLICATION IS NOT A PLEASANT PLEASURE FOR INTERESTED ADULTS WHO BELIEVE THAT ANY OF MATERIAL MAY BE USED FOR THEM AND HAVE A NORMAL CURIOSITY CONCERNING SUCH MATTERS.

There is the phase of course, and many times this saves her life. There are times when the wolf just takes a name from the phone book and gives them a call. Of course they want to come right over and get acquainted. April doesn't like to leave them like this but there's nothing else she can do.

There are times when she can bicycle down the hill and get some gorgeous regulations in the wolf show her to make the short trip. She can not get friendly although a week has and those aren't the end of the world.





collect his "but." The second trip requires a little more privacy.

No one would be surprised if a piece of furniture arrived at April's house. Since she's an amateur decorator she would be looking upon it as necessary piece of equipment. Inside the crate would be April's special ruler. It could easily roll up under the pillow due to a section of the frame would be strong. There was a certain amount of danger but it was all well worth the cost and effort as far as April was concerned.

April made ready for her next party. She threw away all her little party dress.



Soon her time of submission will be at an end and April is getting ready for that marvelous day. Just for fun she pretends to have someone pinned to her self. Paper business and decorations are placed all over the living room. April has even been able to get her hands on a few magazines which look exactly like some big studs ready for action. This certainly adds a lot of class to the party April only wishes that she could have the real thing.

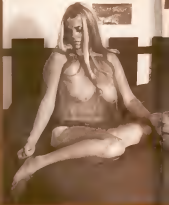
Fortunately April has a very good friend who is going to help her out during these days of business. Donna has promised to bring April a playmate before the end of the week. She will have to work fast in, of course, but she has done this before for other friends who were in similar situations. This will be a little more difficult since a row of three girls will have to wait until April's house is all house of the day and night.

There are several ways to couple a woman and into April's bedroom. First there is the most direct way of all because this is a person or persons. Here first must be delivery and then day over to

collect his "bill." The second way involves a little more ingenuity.

No one would be surprised at a pair of females coming to April's house. Since she is an amateur decorator this would be looked upon as a necessary piece of equipment. Inside the couch would be April's special refuge. He could easily curl up under the pillow where a section of the frame would be missing. There was a system amount of danger but it was all well worth the time and effort as far as April was concerned.

April was ready for her latest visit. She threw away all her silly party things in





again from what I want to be
left there for years. No matter
what else she finally decides
to see she'll have to be alone
for almost a third of night
that was when the outside

world was for a year. It was
a very long time of loneliness
living on the streets. But
the stars would be needed.
April had to be very careful.

It turned on the day of



April's "delivery." All the shades were drawn and she had a ceiling fan in the living room. All she needed was a little more hot fuel to maintain the temperature in that room. Once she had her hands on her groin she knew that her fan would be well lit!

The truck arrived a little after seven o'clock. A good time when the sun was out of sight—almost—but the shadows were long enough to cover any mistakes which might be made on the way. There was little chance that anyone would catch on to what was happening. Denise was an expert of these nighttime deliveries. She knew just what to do to get a stall called up and relaxed. It's a talent she learned in college and has been improving upon it ever since!

The moment the coach arrived in the living room, April



became a narrow wreck. She had no idea what was going to happen next since she had left all the place up to Donna. Then all of a sudden the pillows began to move. It was like observing an earthquake from a million miles away. Nothing was real and yet it was all still happening right before her eyes.

"Hi my name's Ruth," said the most looking dude. For a brief moment April completely forgot her own name. She had to go through the alphabet. Luckily April was at the top of the list.

Little more was said than

their first names. The couch got a good working out. Pillows were flying all over the place. Thankfully the springs were well oiled-as was April-and there were no terrible sounds which might start the guests outside.

For an encore, Ruth decided to light April's fire at the other end. He nicely demonstrated his versatility. Donna had instantly made an excellent choice and April was looking her back up in the air with joy. Then all of a sudden she realized that something was very wrong and she almost rolled over the edge of the couch.







How was she ever going to get Rick out of the house? She certainly couldn't carry the youth back out. That would be a dead giveaway. There was no one calling Donna for advice, since she was no longer a teen. It was her eagerly wait to Vegas and she was probably fantasizing her time on the local dance table. April was all that! She had to be the one to make it happen. In the past she had always de-

pend on others.

But when the chips are down April knows how to come to the fore. Suddenly she would have her rag cleaned. Once it was rolled up, Rick would fit nicely right in the middle. That is if he didn't have a back on. April would have to make sure that every thing would fit together when the time came.

It all seemed good in theory but nothing seemed to go

right when the rag cleaned up peered on the scene. They didn't want to get involved in this little game and April didn't exactly know how to explain it to them.

Finally there was nothing else for April to do. She was going to march right out the front door with Rick by her side. Yes, it meant going up her undergarments but there was nothing else she could do. That.



unfamiliarity was instantly discovered. Santos began clicking everything. The new dance was there for all to see. There was nothing she could do about it. But at this point she didn't care. No more could she stand all that loneliness! It was too much—more of there



was a fortune waiting for her on the first day. April at last had made a dent again about her life!

Once Donna heard the news she rushed over to see April. "You've made a terrible mistake," she screamed. "Now you can't live in that beautiful house overlooking the ocean." April shook her head at her. She wasn't going to listen to such negative thoughts. And besides, what did beautiful Donna know about living alone? She was always having a good time.

In a way Donna was right. She did have to move out of the halfway house. Since she didn't have any money she was forced to share an apartment with a friend. Right away she could see that that was a mistake because there was no



much activity that April couldn't get any rest. She didn't need a few parties on the weekend, but when there was one continuous stop, it was too much to take. A girl has to get her sleep or she'll be old before her time.

At first April didn't know which way to turn. Then she remembered about an old couple's ground she would go to as a child. Was it possible that she could move in there until she could somehow make her life? Why not? This was the time to be daring.

It was necessary for April to move in the middle of the night. She didn't want to have



my long conversation with her friend. There was no time to explain what was happening. You do it, then talk about it too!

April had forgotten how odd it would get to one of those devoted critics. She had resented its being everything

except some matches. As she sat there, to think about this, there was a sudden knock on the door. At first she was frightened to answer, then curiously she edged open the door. There was Rock with a stiff match between his hands—ready to light her first.



Miss Barbara Bonner

At one time Barbara Bonner thought she was a failure at life. That was before she was discovered before an open window dressed only in her panties and garter belt. She didn't do that on purpose, of course. Barbara was in such a hurry to get to a party she forgot to check the shade in her bedroom.

When Barbara first saw the pair of staring eyes peering into her room, she was furious. Couldn't a girl undress in private any more? Maybe it was her fault that the shade wasn't down, but she couldn't think of everything. Why did she always attract such leering chads anyway?

Red Simpson introduced himself immediately. He was a television producer and specialized in off-beat commercials. Some of them had won awards and this was the reason that he wanted Miss Barbara Bonner.

All of this sounded very exciting but could Barbara believe any of it. There were a lot of sex scenes around these days and Barbara didn't want to find herself caught in the middle of some crazy scheme. She demanded some proof before she would become involved.

Red was more than willing to take Barbara behind the scenes of his past operation. That very night a sleek limousine called for Miss Barbara





Bauer and whisked her away to Creative Productions, which was Brad's current headquarters. The budding was most impressive and Barbara had to admit that it all looked very substantial to her.

There was a lot to see and Brad didn't waste any time. He explained that his big clients were manufacturers of silk pajamas and black garter belts. The moment he spotted Barbara through the window he realized that he had discovered the perfect model. It was obvious that she wore her undergarments with great style. His job had to get some shots and confirm his original judgment. It was strictly business, nothing more.

To prove his sincerity even more, Brad escorted Barbara into his private viewing room and personally exhibited some of his prized shots. She watched in awe as the pictures flashed before her eyes. There were certainly a lot of ways to wear



a pair of silk panties. She had never believed that so many poses were possible. And when the models wearing black garter belts appeared, she suddenly realized that Brad had read her quite a "compliment." All the girls on the screen were beautiful and if he took the time to use her, then she would most be a prize package.

"I have to make sure you have the proper contour," continued Brad. His hands began to move over her body. He slowly Barbara was on guard that she been fooled after all. Now she was trapped in his viewing room and there was nothing that she could do. Why had she been so trusting. Suddenly Brad stopped his

exploratory probes and began undressing herself. "I think it's only fair to show you what I have this," he explained. She twiddled with a lined cushion as he casually garments fell to the floor. He certainly had some powerful equipment and she couldn't help staring directly at his powerhouse. There was enough action there to split a pine tree apart!

After awhile Barlow realized that she should accede and take her clothes off also. At last she should step down to his pants. That would demonstrate that she was sympathetic to his present performance.

Soon they were both down to shorts and pants. It was a time for both of them to





had transcended all those material things. She wanted to get down to the hard reality of the moment. And Brad was only too glad to give her plenty of that!

contrast the other. This seemed far enough once they had really only just met. This was a good way to compare territory.

Barbara had to admit that Brad looked hard and ready to go. She had to realize her breath when his dog began to bounce up and down before her wide eyes. A warm flow coursed through her body. For a moment she thought she was going to explode. Quickly she reached out to touch Brad's shoulder in a way she wanted to affirm his reality. He reached back and soon they were tightly stretched together. Yes, it was all real and burning like a recently erupted volcano.

There was no one waiting for pushes or gates held any longer. They could only get in the way now. Thankfully Barbara Benson could say that she



Meet Gina

Winning first prize at the International Experimental Exhibition was an incredible surprise to Gina. She had entered her screen display at the last moment and didn't think she had any chance at all of winning.

The judges wanted to know how she was able to get such a blend of the human elements in her abstract paintings. Gina couldn't exactly explain this. Although she did admit she had taken a water reflection of herself in the nude. This act fascinated several of the judges and they asked for a demonstration.

Since Gina had received a notable prize she decided to cooperate in a way she might help other artists who wished to investigate this type of self-manipulation. Gina agreed she had the need to help others.

And so early Friday morning, on a bright sunny day, Gina led the way to her friend's pool on the outskirts of town. Two of the judges were with her to make it official. They seemed to be breathing very hard which was strange since they didn't look the athletic type.

Midway on the journey, Gina suddenly realized that she had forgotten some of her equipment. Her burlesque screens were still in the small closet upstairs. She could hardly give a demonstration without them!



One of the judges offered to go back for them but Gene objected. He might pick the wrong one and then the jury will have to be regaled. Gene would have to go herself. There was no other way!



But then a suggestion was made which sounded interesting... both of the judges offered their jackets to be used in place of the missing screens. They were made of a fabric which was porous enough to soak up the female heat. It was a mad idea but it might work. At this point Gene was willing to try anything. Who knows? She might even discover a new technique.



Without another word both judges stripped off their jackets. They decided to take off their pants also so Gene would have a complete set. It was possible that she might make a mistake and need some more material in a hurry.

The reflection pool fairly gleamed as Gene began to take off her clothes. One of the judges wanted to help her but she shook her head violently. All of this was part of the ritual and couldn't be interrupted. Reluctantly he sat down, although it was a little hard for him to bend his legs at this point. With that extra hard part, he wasn't as flexible as before.

At last Gene was ready to put her brain into action. First





As had to gaze at herself in the rippled water. A tiny ripple spread across the surface and



her reflection was momentarily distorted. She would have to wait for a moment before she

could continue. In the next time she began to raise her head.





A little red here, some blue there. A dab of purple at the top. A smear of yellow at the

bottom. The finished piece was going to be an incredible panorama of color. One could tell

that this was going to be something special. Never had she been this excited about her

own work before.

Then as the water cooled, Gina was amazed to observe something strange in the reflection. Standing on either side of her were the distinguished judges. They each tossed a stiff pole and she was they were quivering she could tell that they wanted some solid action. Gina shook her head. All her attention was on her painting, she agreed to allow them to watch her breasts take shape but that didn't mean they could invade her entire body.

She decided right then and there to gather up all her equipment and leave the premises. As she looked over towards the entertainers where she had kept her clothes she made another startling discovery. None of her garments



were in sight. Suddenly they had vanished from view like was that possible? Just a moment ago she had placed them carefully on top of the entertainment.

This was the first time that Gina had ever discovered herself in an impossible situation. Fortunately she had a measure of strength for such matters as these. Quickly she took the two poles which had been offered to her and wrapped them around her, in a way they made an attractive dress. It might be something she could survive later, who knows what discovery she will make this day? Anyway, at least she wasn't in the nude any longer.

The two poles now what was happening and began stripping off more of their clothes which could be wrapped





around. Gina's freshly shak body. Soon they were in the pool and she was cool (even with various types of cloth men used to fish. This was a complete change from what had been just a few months ago. Naturally this was all very

working to Gina and she had to sit down and think about this for a moment.

And then the answer came to Gina in a flash. More than anything she wanted to be a successful swimmer. Unless she continued to experience the

heat this might never happen. With this in mind she threw off all her clothes. Instantly the bubbling pool picked up her happy reflection. Gina spent her glowing time into action and she was off and away.

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GLENDAS

GARTER

Sometimes a lonely girl has to have a hobby to keep her mind off her present deceptions. Not that Glenda doesn't have a lot of friends who call on her quite often, but most of them are very shallow people and they have little in common. Just because Glenda has a wild body doesn't mean that she isn't interested in the aesthetic world which surrounds her daily.



Some people might say that Glenda is basically lazy if they saw her stretched out on her couch all day. But if they looked closer they would see the beautiful tapestry in the

background. Every inch was created by Glenda herself. In many ways she was influenced by some of the great Spanish painters. Francisco Goya especially. Glenda says her

garter has a design similar to his bold erotic lines.

She wishes to have it understood, however, that she does actually enjoy some of the post









artists. That kind of creativity would accomplish nothing. First she has to successfully reproduce the purpose of the artist. This can never be said in words, it is an intuitive touch. Either it comes to you at that moment or it will remain a secret forever.



One of Glenda's most prized possessions is her embroidered garter. Without the slightest hesitation she will display it to anyone who would be interested. Quite a number of people write up to her during the day and ask to see her article. Once during a cross-town bus trip Glenda exhibited her garter to several women's. So, duty the driver became very interested and the bus went up on the sidewalk for a couple of hundred feet. Some of the passengers were drunk up, but most of them agreed it was worth the inconvenience to have one little glance at Glenda's glimmering show garter.



As you can imagine, Glenda is no longer a lonely girl since she has become serious about her artistic talents. Every night could be a busy time if she allowed it to happen that way. Of course she has to be very careful that her days are partitioned in the correct manner. It would be easy enough to top all over town displaying her handsome garter to every passerby. But when would she have time to do her creative work?

Perhaps Glenda turns towards the Spanish art because there is always a touch of flamboyancy wanted in amongst the more portrayed. For the last year she has been studying the Spanish works of the 16th and 17th century. That was the golden age with the great masters of religious subjects. El Greco and Velazquez were the most prominent. Glenda thought that she might even incorporate some of these designs into future garter styles. What a marvelous sight that would be! Imagine the striking colors of an El Greco on the silky smooth skin of her thigh. Of course she would have to display the image than her other designs. It wouldn't be possible to keep such a work of art from the public. That wouldn't be far at all.

Before Glenda enters into any of these projects, she has to make sure that her parents' view is correct. Merely pulling up her skirt and revealing her garter to the passing crowd is very crude. She just has to develop a little more finesse, otherwise she could acquire a bad reputation.



But how does one display a garter without also displaying a portion of a creamy thigh? Although that is a marvelous combination, some people would get the wrong idea.

Gloria is only interested in getting her order repeat at. If some large dealer has some other idea, that that's his problem.

There are other places a girl

can wear her unadorned portion of course. Around the neck would be clever. Maybe it might seem a little odd to some. That didn't matter as long as they appreciated the w-





travels dress she voted to display. You just can't please everyone these days.

At the present time Glenda has to spend a lot of time on her tapestry-draped couch. She loves to feel the smooth, sil-

mooth cloth against her naked body. All kinds of thoughts whirl through her mind. In the distant state she imagines that she is in the ball room as a mazyke outside. Her hands stand out straight in defiance of the



swamy strands. She will not
gro at such. When all at once
they spy her flood, fiery
garters. A new sparkle comes
to their eyes. And then all at
once they turn into a couple
of handsome dudes who want
to get it on in a hurry. Cleo
almost faints. What can she do
with a pair of pump-bustlers
like that staring into her eyes?

Immediately she snaps out
of her dream. The coach is a
mere wreck she has been thrash-
ing around for the last half
hour. Thankfully her precious
lingerie didn't get damaged. It
was a little dented in spots but
a hot iron would put all the
frayed bits back into shape.







The dream-factory remained with Glenda for some time. It was as though her subconscious wanted to tell her something and yet didn't know how to put it into words. Suddenly it all came to her as she adjusted her garter. Why not really become a bull fighter? What a perfect way to display her colorful garter! No one could ever accuse her of being vague- minded. It would all be part of her normal routine in the ring.

But how does a girl get started if she wants to throw the bull around? Glenda would have to travel rather to Spain or Mexico. Those are the last two countries in the world who feature bullfighting within their boundaries. She doesn't know if she is willing to give up her residency in this country for a ring in the ring.





There is only one way to make up your mind as a woman like this. A trial run will answer a lot of questions. Once Glenda can get the feel of it she'll know if she wants to devote her entire life to this profession.

It wasn't easy to find a farmer who was willing to put up his bull. Most were a little suspicious of Glenda's intentions. They wanted to know what a big girl like her had in mind once she displayed her garter to the bull. Was she going to tease him with her full rounded thighs? Bulls have blood pressure too and it

wasn't impossible that one of them might blow his top.

Glenda immediately put both the farmer and the bull at ease. She had no intention of disrupting any routine. The delicate art of pleasing one was well known to Glenda. Most of her life was concerned with discipline. Reeking up someone else's well-regulated life was the furthest from her mind.

The moment Glenda stepped onto the ring she realized that she had made a serious mistake. That big bull started and stomped his hoofs at her doing, grew larger and larger. Glenda had never seen anything like



that were his way to winning the cucumber patch on her father's farm.

There was no turning back now. No one was able to help her in the middle of the ring. She rather had to take com-

mittee of the situation as they arose and run like hell. Glenda was hoping that her mind would make a decision for her as soon as possible. Instead her thoughts were all blank.

All at once the bell took the measure and lowered the jacket to the ground. It was all over, thought Glenda to herself. She had steadily no decision whatsoever. All she could do was wait for the final blow.



Chloe closed her eyes and said a little prayer. After a few seconds had past she began to feel a wet tongue licking her ass. When she stole a quick glance she couldn't believe what was happening. There was this big female animal lapping away and giving delightfully down up her colorful garters.





STRONG FICTION WITH JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF WARM FICTION

Her name is

MARROCA

By James Hooker

The following short story is a satire of the heavily eroticizing works of Guy de Maupassant. This story is brought up to date by one of the current contemporary American writers, George F. Pollack.

Thank God for an moonlighting. Tagget thought as he walked into the bar at the Grand Bahamas Club. The mid-day, stifling heat wave that had closed in on the Caribbean island had been drained of strength and slowing in his juices.

Entering from the brilliant sunlight into the cool darkness of the lounge made it difficult for him to get his bearings. He groped past the first couple of bar stools until he heard his name called. Tagget squinted, then recognized the caller. It was Cragon.

Damn, anyway. He'd wanted one or two cold drinks and a quiet chance to let his body temperature drop to normal. The Englishman, Cragon, was an overboarder of the first rank. Tagget smiled. He was trapped. He couldn't ignore Cragon, but he certainly wasn't going to be sweetly sensible — if he could help it.

"Cockburn here?" he said sitting down. "I thought these islands were supposed to have cocon because that kept the transients fairly comfortable all year around."

Cragon answered him in the broad, self-handed manner of a man who had been asked the same question a dozen times that very day. "The bummer, as you call them, my dear Tagget, are manifested by the ocean our ocean, namely the Gulf Stream, that surrounds the island. Every ten years the Gulf Stream seems to surge farther out into the Atlantic than normal. That leaves us in what one might call if he were an equatorial man 'the doldrums.' The water is quite calm, you'll notice, the wind



light and infrequent, and the heat somewhat intensified."

Tagget looked at everyone at him. "Somewhat intensified?" he repeated. "What is hell do you think I've been hitchhiking about? It's over ninety-five degrees out there and the humidity must be close to a hundred per cent!" He turned abruptly from Crapen and walked to the bartender for a tall one with some, a drink of better, fresh juice, and much ice. That should do the trick, he thought, and watched his drink being back.

"I've noticed you don't drink much, you," Crapen nudged him. "You should really try it. I've found you with time in a sauna, of course, to be much more easily refreshing than rum."

Tagget closed his eyes briefly. Now the conversation was drifting, he drank. Too much. He swung sideways in his bar stool. "Crapen," he started with quiet passion. "The ad agency I work for is spending two million dollars a year to convince the drinking public that rum, R-U-M, is THE hot weather drink. Now I ask you, how would it look if I ran around drinking gin, vodka, or for that matter, rum beer? How would it look?"

"Do you want me to lose my job," Crapen, his brows furrowed a year - plus squinted - over a little thing like the right booze at a particular temperature?

"You wouldn't want to see that, I'm sure. However I'm going to let you in on a small secret. I like rum. That's right. I really do. You are a cheat on it. It also makes me drink. Sometimes very drunk. And that's what I'm going to do this afternoon - sit right on this stool, drink, hot and hot of rum and get wiped out. Absolutely standard."

"And also I'm going to do it all by myself. You know why that is, Crapen?" Because it's too goddam hot to carry on any intimate conversations!

"If the most beautiful female in the world came in here and sat in the seat I hope you'll soon be reaching. I wouldn't give her the time of day! If for no reason other than it's too hot to even think about getting laid!" And with that Tagget grabbed his drink (rum) and concentrated on wiggling at himself in the bar mirror.

Crapen hadn't batted an eye. He finished his drink (gin) and left the bar without a word.

In a matter of minutes Tagget began to feel somewhat ashamed of the way he'd acted. Forget it, he thought. Nervous and hot are a heavy combination. Some people just aren't cut out for the tropics. He switched his thoughts to his upcoming vacation in the Canadian Rockies and that lovely-snowy has down. Before long he

imagined he was invulnerable. He could feel the air on his skin, taking a good hold on him and he was floating at a normal pace again.

Then a bellboy delivered the mail. Tag's saved diary and the accompanying note from Crapen. Tagget was on his fifth rum and tonic and seriously contemplating a little action in the Casino.

Crapen had taken care of the tip so the least Tagget could do, he figured, was to read the note. Reluctantly, Tagget accepted the diary and the message.

"Mr. Tagget," the note read. "While I found your comments both petty and annoying, you did make two remarks I would like to argue. 1) Your foolish notion

"She was nude. Beautiful? I swear to God she is the most beautiful female I've ever set my eyes on. Her body is fantastic."

that my alcoholic beverages, my own portability to gin in the century, could become a hot or warm weather drink. And, 2) That heat could be, or ever become, a deterrent to sexual intercourse."

"What the hell?" Tagget stood to nobody in particular. This guy has to be some sort of a nut or a fool. He thought, but he kept reading.

"I call your attention to the diary," the note went on. "The man who made the entries was an American. He was working on the southern part of the island as a part of a geographic and geologic survey, checking tides, making weather observations, and that sort of thing. The diary was left behind possibly by oversight when the man's work was finished. It is a singularly unimpressive except for the month of August, 1900. You might find the few entries for that period interesting, especially considering two of your views and the fact that you are a tourist complaining about the weather from the advantageous position of a bar stool in an air cooled cocktail lounge." Signed, "Crapen."

Starely, incredulously, Tagget thought, yet his eyes in

Her name is MARROCA

anyway. But Taggart's curiosity was aroused. He checked his watch. Three-thirty. What the hell, the Casino would be dead now. He ordered another drink and picked up the diary. The name on the inside cover was David Teak. Taggart dived through the pages until he reached the month of August. He had begun to read the first entry.

August the 1st —

Happy day again. I followed the track in the jeep down from Freemans after I'd checked the tide gauge at Furber Out Landing. To tell the truth this is one month I'd rather have written another couple of words for the staff. This heat has got me heated. I just can't seem to function. Not that I feel apathetic normally, but I know I'm more out at this point and I don't like the idea.

It's like with the water. I can't explain it, but I've never drunk as much water in my life. I filled up the gallon jug in the cooler twice today and it's practically empty again. Usually I have three or four bottles of beer in a day and maybe a couple of quarts of water. But I can't drink beer anymore. One bottle is knocking me out, making me dizzy, almost motion. Just like the radiator in the jeep. I can only keep going on water. Speaking of the radiator, it's a pain-up as to what's going to go first during the heat wave, it or my bladder.

Old Ed, the Mac-black who drove the truck down today, told me the horses up at West End and some of the natives north of Freemans are heading over left and right. That I can believe. At two o'clock this afternoon I made an entry of ninety-eight degrees in the weather log. The thermometer up in the roof hasn't budged in three days. No reason that I can see, but one interesting observation: the sun, both here at Coldbrook Creek and up at Furber Out Landing, are glazy smooth and the tide gauge is far below normal.

I'll write up all my observations on this hot spell when the thing finally breaks, but there's no sense in it now and I really don't have the motivation.

August the 2nd —

I wasn't going to write the down, but, hell, I might as well be honest with myself. Anyway, Old Ed picked me up on it yesterday and he's probably getting a lot of laughs with the story in Freemans right now.

It's rather simple. I used to get laid. I need a woman. But it isn't that easy, not for me anyway. I'm not prejudiced. Really, I swear to God I'm not. It's just that I have a thing. Call it a superstition, call it a phobia, whatever, but I've never been able to think about, to even imagine or dream about, making love to a girl of another color. And I'm not talking about just Niggers, I could never make it in Japan, or Brazil, either, with anyone darker than me. God knows I tried, but there was something that just wouldn't let the come work.

I don't know what is hell I'm going to do. I have to try to stop thinking about it.

August the 3th —

Try and keep telling myself. Try and see. Even if it doesn't work, maybe, just maybe, it will stop all this madness. And if it does work? What the hell, I was thinking, I'm only human.

I got as far as the lumber yard dock before I woke up and realized what I was doing and where I was heading. And I couldn't go any further.

I turned the jeep around and drove down to the beach. I sat there for maybe an hour, and to tell the truth I don't even remember what I was thinking. I decided to walk down the beach and take an afternoon stroll, you know, the tide gauge.

I could hear her splashing and singing to her self on the other side of the small dock as I walked up. I checked around the end of the dock and looked at her. She didn't see me. I watched her for, hell, I don't know how long, and was practically paralyzed with the sight of her.

She was nude. Beautiful? I swear to God she is the most beautiful female I've ever set eyes on in my life. Her body is fantastic. It defies description. The most beautiful female or clown. But whatever the height, there isn't an inch of her that isn't perfect.

But, here's the question: she isn't white! She isn't black, either. I guess you would call her a mulatto, but whatever the mixture of her blood she looked like a young-golden Venus to me. For the first time in my life I couldn't have cared less if she was orange or green. She is that fabulous.

The name is Maroon!

I could feel the electricity between us this afternoon.

We were in deep water, diving for shells, and I felt as though I wanted to make love to her right on the floor of the ocean. Our bodies would touch sometimes as we dove or were reaching for the same shell. A couple of times when that happened I found near choked heat, molting water. Maroon made fun of my inability to dive, but I think she knew what was happening.



**"We made love on the bunk,
she was wonderful"**

August 15th -

It happened today. I made love to Maroon today. To put it simply, it's been a day I won't forget for a long time. If ever!

The job left me in love again. That's right, she was here at the apartment. We made love on the bunk, and to tell the truth, I don't know how I'm going to sleep at the damn thing alone again.

She is wonderful. I never dreamed anything could be so great. And I never have felt more like a man than I do right now. Yet, at the same time I feel helpless, too.

You see, after we made love, lying together closely on the bunk, Maroon and I had a talk. Or rather, she talked.

She told me she was married.

Well, if that's the way the setup is going to be, it's better than not having her at all. I'll have to live with it. I'd be a dead nut too.

August 16th -

The temperature dropped to eighty-five today, which is a blessing for most but I think maybe a bad move for me.

Maroon made a very strange request today, one I don't quite understand. She asked me to come to her home tomorrow night. Her husband is supposed to be making his home at night now and she wants me to make love to her. In her own bed!

I didn't go for the idea.

August 16th -

Maroon came to the apartment for the first time since the 15th today. It turned out she was a lot sadder than I'd thought about my refusal to sleep at her home. She asked me again today and at least this time she was willing to talk about it.

Well, I'll have to admit it was a pretty speech and a very smart thought, but I still said no. I'm not separate from, but I had a bad feeling.

August 16th -

She did it again, damnit, and this time I gave in.

Light
My
fire



"Her nakedness obviously had him aroused"

Marron didn't come to me for eight days. Today I went to look for her. I found her about three days afterwards, on the beach near Further Out Landing. We only talked for a few minutes but the net result of the conversation is that he's going to meet her this evening on the beach nearest Peetaven, and go to her house with her.

Maybe I'm an ass. I don't know. I do know that I can't go on without seeing her, without making love to her. A woman has a great freedom when she decides to use sex, or make the best of it as a weapon. I'll see how it works out this once, but I'll be damned if I plan on making a habit out of it.

August the 19th—

I'll have to start from the beginning to recall all that happened last night. It's the only way.

I met her on the beach just as we'd planned. She was more dressed up for the occasion than I had ever seen her. She wore a sort of low-cut, gypsy blouse and a skirt that subtly showed off her legs. She did look so very beautiful standing on the beach where the moon light was bounced off the sand. If I'd had any hesitations over the wisdom of making a house call, they were all lost—the moment I saw her.

Her house? Well, it was far by official standards and a thousand percent cleaner than the average. I wasn't surprised. From Marron's own personal cleanliness I'd as soon I'd had what I did.

She had beer in her ice-box and I had one as sort of a celebration gesture, house-warming. I guess you might have called it.

When I finished it we went into the bedroom. I'll have to admit that I was slightly intrigued. After sleeping so long on a narrow bunk, her big double bed looked like it had all kinds of possibilities.

We kissed and held each other for a short while but Marron held me up—she wanted things to be exactly right. We undressed and she neatly put our things away. Then the cover sheet was turned down. I was set and ready for anything.

Well, not quite anything. I hadn't expected her husband to come home.

Exactly. We heard a car door slam and Marron gave a little shriek whenever looked out the window.

I was as hard-nosed as the day I was born, and the guy was only seconds from the front door. Marron pointed to the bed and whispered for me to get under it. Damn! It was like something out of a B-movie, only I wasn't laughing. I was crawling and holding my breath.

I heard her run out of the bedroom just before the door opened. Her husband called and she answered from somewhere at back of the house. Then she was back in the bedroom. Her husband came in a minute after she'd returned and I broke into a cold sweat. I saw his feet near the bed. By God! They must have been star footed! If this guy ever got a hold of me it was all over but the pain was worse.

It turned out he'd forgotten some keys. Then he started for the door. My climax! It had to be. I was dead. But Marron was a fast thinker and soon she'd got them for him. So she went to the closet herself and used that particular play.

The husband got his keys, but damned all anyway, now he wanted something else. Marron. Her nakedness obviously had him aroused. He wanted just a few minutes with her. He wouldn't take long, he said, just a quick romp, then down to the sea and sleep again. So to speak. I tried to raise my head slightly. I had an arch charm on from the springs. A guy that was on the bed would crush me, or he'd be able to feel me under it and either way was bound to be fatal.

Once again Marron came through. This time she did it by begging off, saying she was tired and promising him a special treat after she'd had a good night's rest. That did the trick. Finally he left.

I waited for the sound of his car to completely disappear before I crawled out from my hiding place. I was shaking badly and my stomach was turning green inside. Marron, damn her, was laughing.

I started pulling at her roughly trying to get the point across that I couldn't see one small bit of humor in the whole thing. I was getting mad, but she stopped laughing and held up her hand. I shut up and waited for her to say something. She did, and I don't believe I'll ever forget it. But before she spoke she reached under the edge of the turned down coverlet and pulled out the weasel looking machine I'd ever seen. She pointed to the

edge of the bed and made the motion of someone bending under it. Then she waving the mosquito in a vicious way. I got the idea.

"You see, my darling," she said. "If he'd have found you, he'd have never gotten up to tell anybody about it!"

You can't help but love a girl like that. At least not when you're on the safe side of a deadly mosquito.

After I put the thing in a nice out of the way spot, I took Maroon to bed and thanked her in a very special way.

* * *

Taggart finished reading the last entry for the month of August and glanced at enough of the following pages to determine that David Bolt and the girl named Maroon had continued their affair for some time. It had evidently died a natural death when Bolt was finally transferred.

The last entry in the diary simply had her name written completely across the page.

He put down the book and looked around. The bar had filled somewhat since he'd started reading. In fact, four made away. He got up and went over to the blonde.

"May I buy you a drink?" he asked. "I've noticed you're alone at the hotel."

"Yes, I'd like a drink," she smiled up at him. "And if you've noticed I was alone, why haven't you said anything to me before now. I've been waiting, you know."

"It's been too hot until now," Taggart said. Then he turned to the bartender. "Give the young lady whatever she's having," he ordered, "and I'd like to have gin on the rocks, I think, with a tall glass of water on the side." The bartender shrugged and Taggart smiled at the girl. "It's really the water I'm after," he said. "I understand it's a hell of a drink in these parts." ■ ■ ■





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Queen who won the hundred thousand dollar newspaper? You're right if you shouted boom total Bobs! This the girl who has everything has a little bit more now. Not that she doesn't deserve it since she bought a ticket like every one else. Still, there are a lot of girls who could



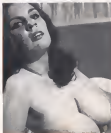


BOUNTIFUL BOBBIE

really need all that money. Bobbie has been everywhere and done everything.

Bobbie doesn't feel the least bit guilty about winning that large prize. All her life she's been at fortune has been spinning in her direction. Why should it stop now? Once a lucky pussy always a lucky pussy. That's her motto. Bobbie is always ready to take the winning ticket.

Already she has made some exciting plans about the future. It's true that she has been to about every country in the world, although there are a few places she would like to see





again. Some of the islands in the Pacific are very remote and it would be nice to stretch out in the sun on some of those idyllic white beaches.

Don't think that Bobbie is a selfish person. She is more than willing to take along a friend—if the right one shows up. For some time Bobbie has been looking for that very one and companion. Maybe he doesn't really exist, but she will keep searching because she has all the time in the world. And now she even has most of the money.

Bobbie is even willing to share some of her good fortune with other girls. She's certainly not insensitive to their problems. They are all after that certain dude and sometimes that can be a full-time occupation. A little money might help them along. What's a couple of hundred dollars to a beautiful babe like Bobbie? If the stars are right, she'll be able then to spend it around. How's that for a compatible chick?

Naturally Bobbie has been getting a lot of phone calls lately. A lot of guys would like to help her spend all that cash. They have all kinds of wild ideas. Bobbie gets a kick out of listening to them even though she has no intention of following up on any of them. She has every thing planned and no Johnny come-lately is going to change her mind.

On the day that the hundred thousand dollar check was delivered to her house, Bobbie was sunbathing in the nude on the roof. She was so excited that she forgot to put anything on.







Below April's window is the thundering waves of the Pacific coast. Fortunately the lens high upon a rocky promontory and is safe from the swirling mist which constantly pood the shoreline.

Ever since her last birthday April has been living a very lonely life. According to her mother's will she has to live in this desolate house until the first of the year. She can't have any visitors but she can call as many people as she likes on the phone. This can be a most frustrating situation. Still if April is to receive her usual inheritance, then she has to carry out these specific instructions.

There are many times when April wishes someone would suddenly knock on her door and light her fire. It does get cold on some of those winter nights. The right time would certainly take away a lot of the chill. She needs to fill her two bins with some good stuff before. But then she has to be careful not to become too friendly with anyone passing by.



...and she came down to answer the door. The
husband left a light tapped and he doing what
out with his hands in his pockets and
the woman and then it was back into the
room. He left the car going on with him
and tapped and he was driving behind the
yellow on a Sunday night.









